

The Tragedie

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull gentle men,
That you haue tane a tardy sluggard heere.

Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowfie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lord;
Me thought their soules whose body *Richard* murdered,
Came to my tent and cried on victory:
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame;
How farre into the morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing country-men, (*His Oration to*
The leisure and inforcement of the time, (*his souldiers.*)
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloudie tyrant, and a homicide.
On raised in bloud, and one in bloud established:
One that made meanes to come by that he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him:
A bace foule stone, made precious by the soyle
Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falsly set,
On that hath euer beene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight against Gods enemy,
God will in iustice ward you as his souldiers:
If you sweare to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace the tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countreyes foes,
Your countreyes fat, shall pay your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerours:
If you doe free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:

of Richard the Th

Then in the name of God and all these
Aduance your standards draw your v
For me, the ranfome of my bold attem
Shall be this cold corps on the earths o
But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part the
Sound drumes and trumpets boldly, a
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and

Enter King Richard, Rat. &

King. What sayd *Northumberland* a

Rat. That he was neuer train'd vp in

King. He sayd the truth, and what sai

Rat. He smiled and sayd, the better fo

King. He was in the right and so inde

Tell the clocke here *The*

Giue me a Kalender, who saw the sunne

Rat. Not I my Lord,

King. then he disdaines to shine, for by

He should haue brau'd the East an hou

A blacke day will it be to some body,

Rat. My Lord.

King. The sunne will not be seene to da

The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon o

I would these dewie teares were from m

Not shine to day, why, what is that to r

More then to *Richmond*? for the selfe-sa

That frownes on me looke sadly vpon hi

Enter Norfolk,

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe v

King. Come bustle, bustle, caparison

Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his

I will lead forth my souldiers to the pla

And thus my battell shall bee ordered.

My fore-ward shall be drawne in leg

Consisting equally of horse and foote.

Our archers shall be placed in the midst

John Duke of Norfolk, *Thomas Eatle* of

Shall haue the leading of the foote and

They thus directed, we will follow

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